

THE JOHNSON JOURNAL



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JOHNSON HIGH SCHOOL

NO. ANDOVER, MASS.

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THE JOHNSON JOURNAL

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EDITORIAL



TO THE SENIORS

Have you realized yet what year we're in? It's 1953. Yes, there are those numbers you've been writing after your name with such non-chalance saying, "Oh, graduation's a long way off." It's less than six months away.

When that time comes, there won't be any Johnson High to safely attend every fall, winter and spring. There won't be any friendly teachers to pull us out of the difficulties and disappointments of school life. We will be out—either to return to a college next fall or get a job. In either case we will be on our own. We will have more responsibility resting on our shoulders than ever before in our lives.

This isn't as big a calamity as it seems. Millions of people have reached this point throughout the centuries and, in the cases where they were mature and intelligent enough, have come through with flying colors. However, it's time we realized that although we will sometimes have our parents to consult, most of the decisions in the years ahead will have to be made by ourselves.

Have you planned how you're going to spend the next few years? If you haven't you'd better decide

now, because it won't be long. Remember, you will be depended upon heavily in the future to do your share, even more than your share, towards keeping this world a safe and happy place to live in.

Sandra Vose, '53

ATOMIC ENERGY

Atomic energy will either bring death and destruction to the world or peace and prosperity. If the world continues to quarrel, it will more likely lead to destruction.

When a small boy is angered at a companion, he usually expresses himself by violence, although he later regrets his actions. I am afraid this also applies to the countries of the world. The boy could regret his actions, but in regard to the world there will be no regretting if the countries use atomic warfare. For about a mile around the place each bomb falls, nothing is left standing or living. Beyond this main circle there is another band of destruction. Some things remain standing, for they don't get the full blast; but no one can approach these places for they are deadly because of radioactivity.

If atomic energy does not bring

us to destruction, I think it will help us tremendously. The possibilities for the use of atomic energy are untold. It has been said that the energy in a pound of uranium, from which atomic energy is obtained, is enough to heat a house for twenty years. The more imaginative mind thinks that in twenty years we'll be using, for travel, rockets powered by atomic energy. This energy will also be a great aid to medicine. There is a possibility that it may be a cure for certain blood diseases such as leukemia. The possibilities for it are endless and wonderful.

It is up to the people of the world to decide whether atomic energy will destroy or heal.

Carol Long, '54

DRIVER EDUCATION

At Johnson, as we all know, we are very fortunate to have a driver's training course. This course gives us the chance to learn to be good drivers and refute the statement that teen-age drivers are the

worst on the road. In spite of the facts which disprove it, everyone just takes it for granted that a teen-ager is a menace behind the wheel. They say we are wild, that we are too young and have too much hot blood in us to be careful and considerate drivers.

The facts state that the order of good drivers is as follows: handicapped veterans; truck drivers; teenagers; and other older people, the most common class of drivers. Statistics prove that the worst drivers aren't in their teens but are between the ages of 20-30.

But people can't be told, they have to be shown. Let's prove they're wrong! All students who will be sixteen by March should take our drivers' course. Show these people that you can be a good driver, even better than they! Remember, it costs far less to learn to drive in school than to take a course at an outside training school. And there will be no bloody price to pay when we have good drivers on the road.

Sandra Vose, '53



POET'S CORNER

THE FATE OF PEEWEE SMALL

Peewee Small was nine feet tall,
His shoes size twenty-three.
He played the game of basketball,
A mighty man was he.

He lived in the state of Texas
Where all things grow quite tall.
He used a Texan accent,
When he said, 'How're yo all?'

He drove around in an Austin car,
He really was a sight.
Whenever he went out to drive,
The fit was pretty tight.

His curly head stuck through the roof
His knees came out the doors,
His elbows out the windows,
His seat was on the floor.

You should have seen him on the court,
A basket shooting whiz.
When he was asked, "Why, who is tops?"
He replied "Ah is."

One night the prexy watched him play,
Said Peewee, "How're yo sir?"
"Ah hope that yo enjoy my game,
'Cause that's what I's here fur."

"I's honored at yo presence,
Fo yo I'll try to score.'
So Peewee shot for baskets,
And he racked up ninety-four.

Peewee came to Boston
To try out for the pros,
He beat out big George Mikan,
Which proves what Peewee shows.

December came and with it snow,
Peewee nearly died.
"I's goin' back to Texas,"
Our hero Peewee cried.

"Ah just can't stand this climate,
It's frozen up my nose."
He climbed into his Austin,
And started through the snows.

Peewee got caught in a blizzard,
Down Ohio way.
It covered up his tiny car,
But what did Peewee say?

Peewee he kept quiet,
For he was not in sight.
Our Peewee blew away you see,
In the wind that stormy night.

That was the fate of Peewee,
A Texan nine feet tall.
And now this poem is ended,
And so is Peewee Small.

Martha Cavallaro, '54

SPRING'S GLORY

A tiny golden buttercup on an emerald
blanket of dew,
A robin high in the cherry tree
Amid frost white petals askew.
A talisman rose, the queen of all flowers,
Her blossoms a crimson throne,
And the fragrance she shares with
The bee and the bird
Holds a message of spring all its own.
A glorious pathway of sunlight
Descends o'er the daisies and fern in the
field.
Where a grasshopper hums as he travels
along

The sweet note of spring is now revealed.
A deep purple violet
Its stem tall and proud,
Its velveteen petal upraised,
Like a tiny face that's gazing high
Toward the glistening sun's amber haze.
The evening now adds at the close of this
day
A bright scarlet ribbon of sky
As the robin, the grasshopper
Cricket and bee
Go to rest, not to murmur a sigh—

Dot Hoessler, '55

FRESHMAN

How shall I phrase it?
What shall I say?
Is there a pattern?
Some special way?

I've seen it done
By the slickest men,
An' I bet I can do it,
An' better than them.

Just like a brave soldier
I'll take a chance—
Eh, Daisy May? He, He,
Kin I have this dance?

Alice Dolan, '53

TWO LAMBS — NOT ALIKE

The Mary who lives in my picture book
Had a lamb whose fleece was snow-
white,
But my little lamb is a little cloth lamb
As blue and as dark as night.

The book says Mary's lamb followed her
Whenever Mary went out.
But my little lamb is a toy little lamb
And has to be carried about.

I know Mary's lamb loved her dearly,
And he followed her without fail,
But my little lamb plays a tinkly tune
Whenever I twist his tail.

Ida Mammino, '55



LITERARY

TO EACH HIS OWN

As the sun rose higher and higher and streamed through the big glass window of Nick's little pet shop you could, if you looked closely, see in the corner farthest from the window the huddled form of a forlorn little puppy. With the dawning of a new day, this little pup's hopes for finding a master rose higher and higher like the sun. Probably today would be his lucky day.

He was the only pup left in the window. Once there were six of them, frolicking and tumbling in the window; but one by one the others were bought and he was left, lonely and brokenhearted. Many times a day children would press their noses against the window and look longingly at him, but their mothers only hurried them along and nothing ever came of it.

Perhaps it was because he wasn't what you'd call a particularly handsome dog, or perhaps it was on account of his being a mongrel. Nevertheless, he was a good dog, and cute in his own way. But nobody seemed to understand that.

Of the numerous children that smiled at him from the other side of the glass window, there was one boy who sold papers on the corner and always looked longingly at him, who stood out in his mind. He was shabbily dressed, but these two understood each other as no one else could, and knew that they were meant for one another.

On the particular day I am writing of, near noontime, the city became transformed from a quiet,

serene place to one bustling with noise and excitement. People hurried past the pet shop and cars honked their horns.

This was nothing new to the pup. It had got so that this excitement and noise didn't bother him a bit, and he was just about to doze off when he heard the screeching of brakes and a scream. He couldn't see what had happened, for a crowd had gathered at the spot. Then he saw Nick rush out frantically into the throng. Shouts of "He did it, mister; that's your boy. He saved your daughter," were heard as the throng parted to let Nick and Tim, the paper-boy through. Nick was laughing and crying at the same time, as he clasped his three-year-old Maryann tighter with one hand and put his other arm around Tim.

Then they came straight toward the pet shop to where the puppy was and he heard the most longed-for words from Tim: "That's him, mister; that's the dog I want."

Helen Mooradkanian, '55

THE PUP WHO WANTED A SAILOR

The little tan-colored pup came along the dock toward the big ship. He walked with a waggly sideways trot that looked as if he were trying to walk backward and forward at the same time. He walked that way because he was keeping one eye forward on the sailor who stood beside the ship's gang-plank, and the other eye backward on the best way to run if the sailor should try to kick him.

The tan-colored pup had taken plenty of kicks in his short, homeless life. He sort of expected them.

But still he kept hoping that somewhere, sometime, someone would want him, really want him, and pet him and take him home.

These men in blue that belonged to the ships were usually friendly. That's why the pup hung around. He kept hoping that one of them would notice him and take him home. But the sailors had always seemed in too much of a hurry. They were always marching on and off the ship with quick, swinging steps.

But now, at last, the pup had found a sailor standing still, absolutely still, beside the gang-plank. The pup wagged toward him hopefully, ready to make friends or run.

The sailor didn't move, and so the pup came closer. He sniffed at the sailor's sturdy shoes.

"Hi yah, pup," said a low, friendly voice.

The pup looked up. He was sure the sailor had spoken, and yet there he stood, stiff as a flagpole, with his gun beside him and staring right ahead.

"Arf?" said the pup. There was a question in his bark.

"Stick around, pup," said the sailor. "I'm on guard duty now, but I'll be off in a few minutes, and we'll have some fun. I've just been wishing I could find a dog like you."

The pup heard a welcome in that low voice and decided to stay. Perhaps this standing so still was some sort of game. Maybe he could find out. He sat down behind the sailor and waited.

Other men in blue came along. The pup's sailor spoke to them in a sharp, clear voice. The men answered and then the pup's sailor let them walk up the gangplank to the ship.

Now the pup began to understand what sort of game his sailor was playing, and he wanted to play, too. So, when Blackie, the

dock warehouse terrier, came snooping along, the pup dashed out at him barking sharply. Blackie was so surprised that he turned tail and ran. The pup, pleased with himself, trotted back to the sailor, wagging his tail proudly.

Just then a ship's officer came along. The sailor stiffened.

"Well, Jenkins," the officer said with a glance at the pup, "I see you're training a new Boot."

"Yes, sir," said Jenkins and gave a happy sigh of relief. "Boot" was the navy nickname for any new sailor. If the officer called a pup a Boot, it meant he liked the little fellow.

"I think he'd make a good mascot, sir," said Jenkins hopefully.

The officer smiled. "Bring him along," he said.

Just then a sailor came along to stand guard in Jenkins' place. Jenkins leaned over and scratched the pup's ears.

"Want to join the Navy?" he asked.

For answer the pup wiggled all over. He jumped up and licked Jenkins' nose.

"Then come along, Boot!" said Jenkins.

And the blue-coated sailor who wanted a dog and the tan-colored pup who wanted a sailor walked up the gangplank side by side.

Ida Mammino, '55

MAN VERSUS MACHINE

"The year is nineteen hundred and sixty. The question that science will answer, if possible today, is whether man's mind or the mechanical brain is able to solve a highly complicated mathematical problem faster."

"It is now 11:55 A.M. The test will begin at 12:00 noon. The technicians are making a last minute check on the machine."

"Here comes Dr. Edward Bomategin. He is one of the finest

mathematical brains of the century. He is sitting down at the table. And there goes the bell! We will sign off now, but as new information of interest to you comes in, we will pass it along to you."

12:45 P.M. "We interrupt this program to bring you a special bulletin. In the man versus machine race an unforeseen development has taken place. The machine has blown a tube. The technicians believe that a wire has short-circuited somewhere and are working feverishly, but efficiently, to find and repair it."

3:00 P.M. "We have Dr. Bomategein here. He is taking a five-minute break. He believes that if the mind is rested from time to time it can work more efficiently. Isn't that true, doctor?"

"Yes, it is. The mind is made up of millions of tiny cells. It is my belief that these cells die very quickly when under great mental stress. If allowed to rest for a few minutes, many more cells are built and you have what I call a 'reserve stock.' "

"How far through the problem are you?"

"I'd say about half way. Three more hours and I should be finished. I am sorry, but I must get back to work now."

"Well, thank you, and I wish you lots of luck."

5:00 P.M. "Both the doctor and the technicians report that they should be through very soon. There goes the buzzer, the technicians are through, but according to the rules the Doctor has ten minutes in which to present his answer. If he fails to do so, the machine will automatically win. If he does, the most correct answer will be the winner. And here comes the doctor with his answer. We'll be back as soon as the winner is announced."

5:30—"Here are the results of

the timely contest of Man Versus Machine. The machine, aside from putting the decimal point ten digits to the left of its correct place, gave a completely wrong answer. Doctor Bomategein's answer was so unintelligible that even he couldn't read it. It looks as if we still don't know which is better, man or machine. Probably a little of both." Clinton Hollins, '54

MISSION COMPLETED

It was a bright day as the four-engined Super Fortress roared off the runway into the air on a secret mission. At 1:30 in the afternoon all the crewmen were nervous, especially the cameraman, for if he made one slip with his camera the mission would be a failure. Our mission was to fly over enemy-held territory and take pictures that would reveal camouflaged objects. We had chosen the best cameraman in the country for the job, but he was still nervous.

Suddenly, from nowhere, a squadron of Jap Zero fighter planes swooped down on us. All the gunners were in their gun turrets, each manning a 50 calibre machine gun. At the tail gun was Jackie Olsen, at the bottom turret was Dickie Rice, at the top turret was Billy Addler, and at the nose was Mat Hughson, the best shot in the Air Force.

We were just over our objective when the Jap planes started to work on us. I radioed for help, but I was cut off before the message got through.

The cameraman was doing a fine job of filming the whole area below us. A sudden cry made me run to the top turret where Billy Addler was stationed. There I found him lying in a puddle of blood—dead. I took over his position and then heard the left outer engine burst into flames. Luckily for us, a Jap plane tore the rest of

the engine right off with another burst of its machine gun.

We turned the crate around and headed for home with the Japs right on our tail. We finally knocked eight of them out of the sky. The rest turned and ran like scared rabbits. We finally reached the base with the pictures we wanted, but we lost one of our best men while doing it.

As soon as the film was developed the commander wrote down in his record book "Mission completed." Those two words meant a lot to those of us who came out of it alive.

Daniel Doiron, '55

THE LIFE OF A GERM

My name is Oswald and, whether you believe it or not, I'm a germ. Not one of those horrible deadly germs but just a nice unpleasant cold germ. I was born in some water in the bottom of an old tin can. But don't get the idea that I'm a low class germ because it just isn't so. In fact, not so many years ago my ancestors were coughed around in palaces and in the best society. But lately things have been pretty tough for us germs. The world is becoming altogether too healthy with all these so-called wonder drugs and that's why my parents decided to bring me up in this isolated spot where I would be safe for a short while at least.

When I was only one hundred and six minutes old, my family received some extremely bad news. My great aunt Abigail had died suddenly three minutes before. The poor old germ never had a chance. She was doing her job real well when some big mean pneumonia germs pushed their way into her victim. He was immediately rushed to the hospital where my aunt and her friends, as well as the pneumonia germs, were put

to death. My parents left to attend her funeral and soon, being tired of waiting for them, I started off to explore the world.

As the wind blew me through the air, I joined up with many more cold germs like myself who were all bent on the same mission: To give some careless person a cough and possibly a sneeze to go along with it. I was delighted. At last I was to help make someone miserable.

As we continued on our way we suddenly spotted the perfect victim. It was a little boy wading in a puddle without his rubbers on. We attacked speedily and, by the time he arrived home, he was already coughing and sneezing. His mother gave him a hot bath but to no avail. My buddies and I were firmly established. What fun it was to make his head feel heavy and to keep his nose running and eyes watering.

But alas! Such fun was not to last long. A few minutes ago I felt the first effects of one of those anti-cold drugs and soon I will be joining my dear Aunt Abigail. Oh well! It was great fun while it lasted but it's getting so that we germs are being put out of existence. I wonder what the world is coming to!

Barbara Wainwright, '54

THE INVASION OF JOHNSON

"Whooo," hummed the wind as it danced delightedly through the swaying leaves of the colorful trees. "Ssss," answered the frolicking flies as they hopped from book to book.

"Bzz," one of the little pests interrupted, "What class is this? Chemistry? Oh. What's that she said—C-12 H-22 O-11?"

"That's the formula for sugar," answered one of his comrades.

"Sugar! Oh, I love sugar. Where is it?" exclaimed the first fly.

"It's not here, silly, That's just the formula. You know, f-o-r-m-u-l-a, formula."

"Oh formulas, formulas, who cares about them anyway? Come on, let's land on that test tube. It smells delicious."

Ring—came the shrill sound of the bell, indicating the class period would soon be over.

"Oh," screamed the two frightened flies, as they nearly tumbled from the test tube. "What's that—a fire alarm?"

"You stupid flies," said a third disgustedly. "Haven't you ever been in a school before? This class is over. That's all. Hey, let's follow that girl in the red sweater."

The class filed out, and the next victim of the flies' annoyances proceeded to the History class, followed by her prospective agitators. Immediately the pupils began a history test, and the eyes of the three plotters twinkled with mischief.

"Look at that pencil. Gosh, it's moving fast. Wouldn't it be fun to ride on it?" suggested a fly.

As he expressed his idea, he flew to the pencil. For a split second the ride was enjoyable, but all too soon the student shooed him away. Angered by the student's action, he again lit on the pencil.

"Go away," muttered the annoyed pupil.

"Hymph! Well, I never!" sputtered the fly. "These students at Johnson are so selfish. Imagine! I can't even play on the pencil while she's taking that ol' test."

And so, day after day, the flies share our classes, food, and recess periods with us. Perhaps someday there will be severe competition. Which has the most educated flies—Johnson or other high schools?

Beverlee Thomson, '54

FLIGHT INTO SPACE

On September 12th, 1950, every

last detail was attended to and the list of our supplies was checked off. That night we would venture into the unknown. At 8:00 P.M., E.S.T., we would take off in a rocket headed toward Mars. All today and yesterday, people of all walks of life bore signs of nervous tension, and the threat of World War III was imminent.

As the hour of eight drew near, we hustled aboard the "Red Wing," (the name of our rocket), and strapped ourselves in our seats. At exactly eight, the great engines roared into life and we took off. The jar of the ship knocked some of the men into temporary unconsciousness but, as the flight continued, they recovered. The hours of nine, ten, and eleven wore on and, as the hands on the clock ticked 30 seconds to twelve, we passed out of the earth's atmosphere.

The oxygen supply was switched on and the long, watchful waiting resumed. Presently our destination appeared in space as large as a coin and, as the minutes ticked on, grew larger and larger. The never-ceasing purr of the engines began to shake our nerves.

Then the voice of our navigator broke the silence, "Entering the hundred mile zone of our destination."

Everybody moved to the edge of his seat and strained his eyes to look at that great ball of light before us. In what seemed like hours, we hit the twenty-five mile mark. Then the ten, five, four, three, two and one. We got the signal for all men to go to their positions.

We landed on an indescribable mass of rubble. We stayed for about two days. In that time the professors, scientists, and photographers got the data.

About four P.M. on the second day, we took off to return to Earth. The flight back was event-

less except for the meteor that damaged one of our engines. We were glad to enter earth's atmosphere and opened a bottle to celebrate the success of our trip when, suddenly, we saw the Earth disintegrate in a shower of fire and smoke. Following the great flashes, we heard an explosion which was like nothing I had ever heard. The ship was thrown around like a toothpick on a stormy sea. I could not hear a thing and blood was issuing from my ears. I thought my ear drums had been shattered by the noise. My buddies were all lying dead around me. Dead, and I knew I was going, too. The explosion was the result of an Atomic War.

Leonard Coppeta, '53

RUNNING AWAY

Tommy's frightened eyes reflected the sorrow his young heart held as he sadly regarded the brightly lit house before him. He shivered and pulled his coat tighter as a brisk wind cut through him. The apparent warmth and cheerfulness of the familiar rooms made him already a little uncertain of the great decision he was about to make.

After all, not every ten-year-old who decides to run away from home actually has the courage to do so. But here he was, Tommy Butler, always "that quiet little blond boy" to everyone who knew him. Tommy was very blond, and one unruly curl always insisted upon toppling down over his forehead. His bright blue eyes were, by this time, brimming with tears.

"Should I or shouldn't I?" Tommy pondered these questions over and over. "What if Mommy and Daddy find out that I played hooky from school yesterday? I was just fishin'. The other boys ran away when they saw the truant officer comin'. I was the only one that waited for him."

As he stood there, he suddenly saw a car pull up and a man step out. Watching closely from behind a big bush, Tommy noted that he was—was the truant officer!

"Now," he thought, "that man's come to tell mommy and daddy, and I'll be expelled from school I bet."

He crept cautiously to the window, where he listened attentively to the conversation from the room within. What he heard surprised him greatly. The man was smilingly telling them of the previous day's episode and his mommy and daddy were laughing. No, he wasn't going to be expelled, and the other boys had been caught and punished for running away instead of waiting like Tommy had.

A wave of relief came over him, now that he wasn't afraid, and didn't have to run away. Tommy realized his honesty in waiting for his punishment had excluded him from it instead.

Wiping the salty tears from his cheeks, Tommy smiled to himself and ran to the back of the house where he crept in the back door and scampered up to his bedroom.

In a few seconds he was safe in bed and the warmth and security of the little room filled him with happiness.

"Moms and pops aren't so frightening after all," he said, and before he could even say his prayers sleep had engulfed him.

Susan Hearty, '54

"AMERICA'S MAMIE"

Mamie, a very common and not too dignified name known throughout the land, belongs to the beloved first lady of America. "Ike," our new president, calls her "My Mamie."

All America loves the common touch and here is a husband and wife who act just like the people next door, friendly, happy, and

gracious. This wonderful and much talked about couple have just ascended to the highest position in the land. For the next four years or perhaps even longer they will live like royalty with many servants, a beautiful home, and much entertaining.

Mamie's pert bangs, adorable hats, choice of pink for her inaugural gown, plus the fact that she is on the list of America's ten best-dressed women are definitely creating high style in fashion news. She loves clothes and has a flair for them. Many women who dress up for a formal evening wishing they had diamonds and other precious gems to wear were surprised that Mamie Eisenhower wore simple costume jewelry to the Inaugural Ball.

This first lady makes wonderful newspaper copy. Her natural friendliness and her liking of people make her much liked and admired by newspaper people and press photographers.

Everybody likes Mamie Eisenhower. Even grandmothers throughout the nation feel younger knowing there is such a young-looking grandmother in the White House.

There is certainly no doubt that "Ike's Mamie" is "America's Mamie."

Nancy Burke, '54

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY

The man in the witness chair looked indignant and very angrily said to the lawyer for the defense, "Of course I'm sure, I couldn't possibly be mistaken." He took a long look at the sullen handsome man in the prisoner's box and told this story.

"It was after midnight. I was coming home from a medical meeting on the night of November 12. I walked briskly to my apartment after placing my car in the garage

at the corner of the block. As I approached the lobby of my building I heard a shot, and saw that man drop the gun and dash out the side entrance. The lobby was well lighted, and I had an excellent opportunity to note that he was young, and had bright red hair, clean cut features, was about six feet tall and, I should judge, about 180 pounds. I feel I should be a fairly good judge of weight, height, etc., as I was one of the examining doctors on a draft board and have examined thousands of young men. I am positive and, I repeat again, I couldn't be mistaken. He is the man."

The defense counsel smiled, and signaled to a police officer to bring the red-headed man who was seated with him to the front of the court. The doctor looked up and, with eyes widening and mouth open, he looked first at the man in the prisoner's box, then at the man walking toward him. He could hardly believe his eyes.

The defense counsel turned to the doctor and said: "So you couldn't possibly be mistaken. Will you swear that this is the man?"

The poor doctor shook his head and stared first at one red-headed man, then at the other. How could he say which was guilty and which was not? They were identical twins.

Rosemary Burke, '55

CONQUEST

The sun steadily rose higher and higher in the heavens, flooding the earth with its glory and warmth on a brisk September morn, and promising a beautiful day ahead. It looked down on the rolling hills and the neat patchwork of farms of a small rural community.

Hannah Bremman was a young girl of slight build with a rather plain face, but one filled with

honesty and courage, and with keen, intelligent eyes. She loved the country and the thought of leaving her family and all the familiar scenes of home brought a lump to her throat that nearly choked her. She could scarcely believe that she was at the tiny railroad station, clutching a ticket nervously, while waiting for the train to take her to college in a distant city.

She had lived on this farm all her life and had never left it before except for short trips to the neighboring village. She remembered how she had longed to go to college, how much it had meant to her; how everyone in the family had sacrificed a little something so the money could be put in "Hannah's College Fund" as they called it. No, she thought to herself, she certainly could not back out now.

She was suddenly awakened from her reverie by the chugging of the approaching train and her mother's voice giving last minute

instructions. Almost as in a dream she boarded the train amid parting good-byes and sank into her seat. As she leaned forward to get a final glimpse of the family, she bit her lips in resolute determination and forced a smile. There was seven-year-old Joey vainly trying to get Jake, their pet mongrel, to wave good-bye to her with his paw, and he looked so comical that she laughed in spite of herself.

With a lurch the train started. She was finally on her way. She leaned back and closed her eyes, trying to think of the pleasant times at home and putting all unhappy thoughts aside. As she lay there preoccupied, these words fled across her mind, words her father often quoted, and slowly her lips curved into a smile and she unconsciously threw back her shoulders and her eyes gleamed with courage and determination as she remembered, "The only thing to fear is fear itself."

Helen S. Mooradkian, '55



TALK OF THE SCHOOL

Five months of the school year have quickly passed us by. Talk of football, school dances, hayrides, and Christmas vacation has faded into enthusiasm for formals, spring vacation and graduation.

The new freshman class has settled down to the scheduled routine of high school life. The sophomores have adopted a brotherly attitude toward the freshman

class, knowing what they have gone through; the juniors have had the joy of picking their class rings; the seniors have added something new—senior class buttons colored red and black, telling everyone that they are seniors. All these things and many more help to make up the wonderful institution called Johnson High.

D. W.





RECORD

ALUMNI

This is a report of what the Class of 1952 are doing this year:

Douglas Alexander—Wake Forest
 Marian Bamford—Simmons
 Betty Corcoran—Merrimack
 Walter Crabtree—Merrimack
 Diana Keach—Merrimack
 George Knightly—Tufts
 Mary Long—Merrimack
 Marjorie Midgley—Boston University
 George Schofield—University of Mass.
 Carolyn Dushame—Drew University
 Joyce Hamilton—Southern Methodist University
 Robert Thomson—University of Maine
 John Belyea—Newman Prep.
 Joseph Cushing—Suffolk University
 Dana Freeman—Northeastern University
 Arlene George—Jackson
 John Haigh—Lowell Textile
 Helen Clarke—McIntosh
 Richard Brown—Culinary Institute
 Donald DeAdder—Wentworth Institute
 Margaret Greenfield—Air Age School
 Gioia Giribaldi—Chandler
 Helen Langlois—McIntosh
 Milton Long—Wentworth Institute
 Fred Kane—Boston University

Nursing

Dorothy Love—Burbank
 Evelyn Stone—Lawrence General
 Lorraine Sabin—Lawrence General

Service

Herbert Wood
 Richard Waddington
 Eric Sjostrom
 John Sheehy
 James MacMurray

Working

Forrest Smith—Finberg Supply Co.
 James MacCannell—Eagle-Tribune
 Madelyn McCoy—Morin's Restaurant
 Amy Wilton—Stevens Mill Office
 Joseph McLaughlin—Morin's Milk
 James Meikle—Davis & Furber
 Mary Valcourt—Hood's Milk
 Eunice Wilcox—Fireman Fund Insurance
 Mary Walsh—Merchants National Bank
 Virginia Verda—Martin Flaggs
 Christine Kane—Davis & Furber Office
 Eleanor Green—Boston A. & P. Office
 Patricia Smith—Bay State Merchants Bank
 Marie Ferrigno—Navy Yard
 Betty Duncan—Assistant Laboratory Technician
 Dorothy Detora—Lebowitz Bros.
 Jayne Morse—Merchants National Bank
 Bruce Sjostrom—Pacific Mill
 Fay Belanger—Community Chest
 Robert Doherty—Book Salesman
 Jane Doran—Grant's
 William Enaire—Andover Box Co.
 Mildred Flanagan—Hytron Electric Co.
 Robert Cole—Boynton Press
 Claire Chamberlain—Little Town Toggery
 Marily Zemba—Bank

Barbara Saul—Pierce Secretarial

Married

Joan Stoessel
Florence Towne
Maureen Hogan
Marjorie Blodgett

At Home

Daniel Forgetta
Joan Kilton
Mary Hamel

FRESHMAN CLASS NEWS

After five months of school the Freshman class is finally settling down to the routine of High School Life.

We have become more and more accustomed to the conduct and ways of doing a job well that are adopted in high school. This is due largely to the instruction received from our teachers, and also to the friendly and helpful attitude which the upper classmen have had toward us. We wish to thank all those who have in any way helped us adapt ourselves to our new routine. P. L. L.

SOPHOMORE CLASS NEWS

This year we have six new members in our class. They are Irene Lommaso and Patricia Dineen from Lawrence High School, Francis Gillick and William McCarthy from Central Catholic High School and Ann Doherty and Ann Doyle from St. Patrick's High School.

Welcome, all! We hope your first year here will be a most pleasant one. M. A. M.

SENIOR CLASS NEWS

There has been quite a bit of activity in the senior class this month.

Sandy Vose was chosen by the faculty and students as the Good Citizenship representative from the school for the current year.

The senior class elected Chuck

Harbolt as its "Good Government Day Representative."

Wednesday, January 14th, the Senior class chose to dedicate "The Gobbler" to Mr. Finneran.

The Seniors have been proudly displaying their senior buttons which they bought in order to boost their class treasury. J. G.

GUESS WHO?

This is the description of a Junior girl who stands about 4 feet 11 inches. She has short black hair and has a friendly "hi" for everyone. She takes the Commercial Course and hopes to become a secretary. This cute little girl belongs to Senior Scouts and loves to skate.

Can *you* guess who she is? ? ?

See Page 16

STUDENT COUNCIL

Ann Bullock, Edithanne Bamford, Alice Dolan, and Sandra Vose represented the Johnson High School Student Council at the Eastern Division of Student Councils' Convention. This convention took place at the Winchester High School, Winchester, Massachusetts. N. B.

ASSEMBLIES

The Juniors and Seniors had an interesting assembly on November 19th. They gathered for the purpose of hearing a lecture given by Mr. Roland Darling on Northeastern University. He explained the Co-operative Plan and on-the-job experience. The students have an active life in athletic, literary, musical, professional and social organizations which form an important part of student life. The assembly was interesting and educational and enjoyed by all who attended.

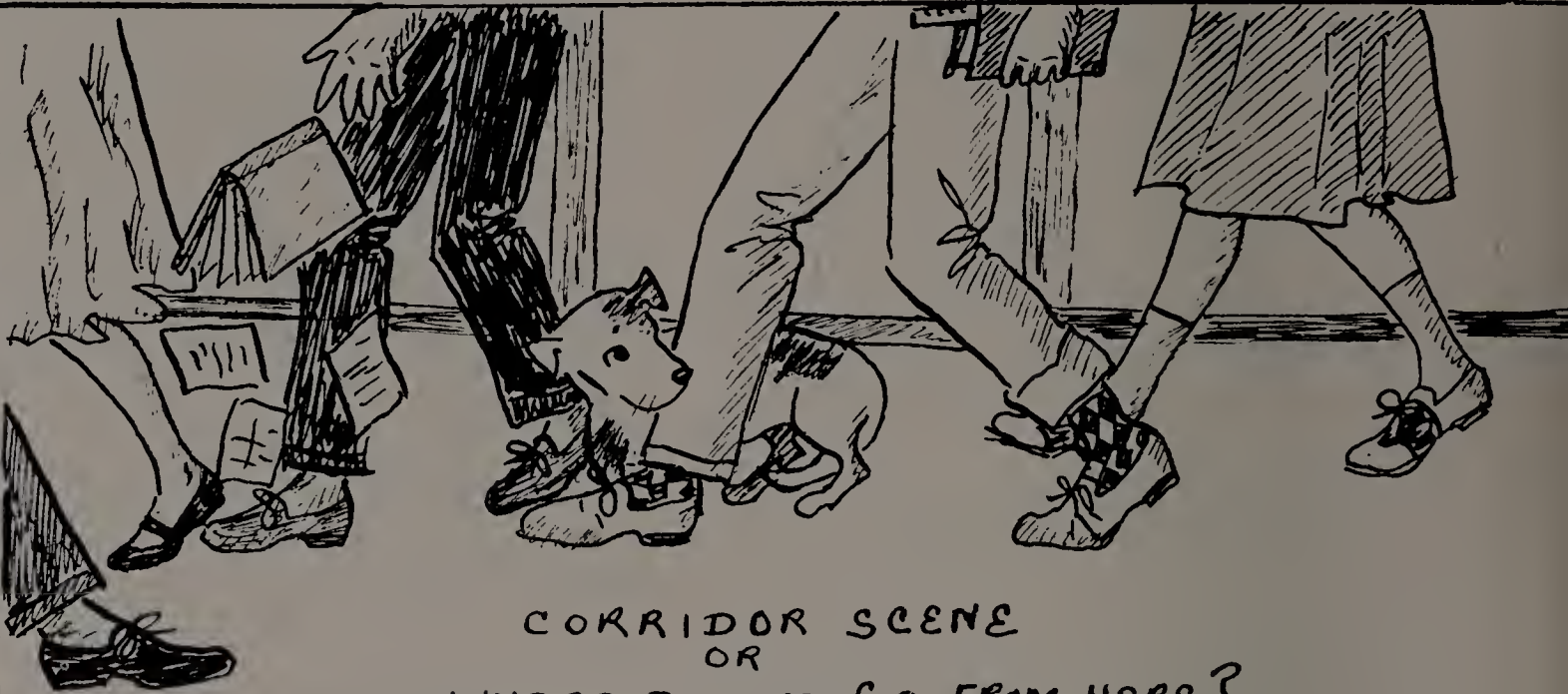
On November 21st an interesting exhibition was given by Ben-

THE DOGS THAT



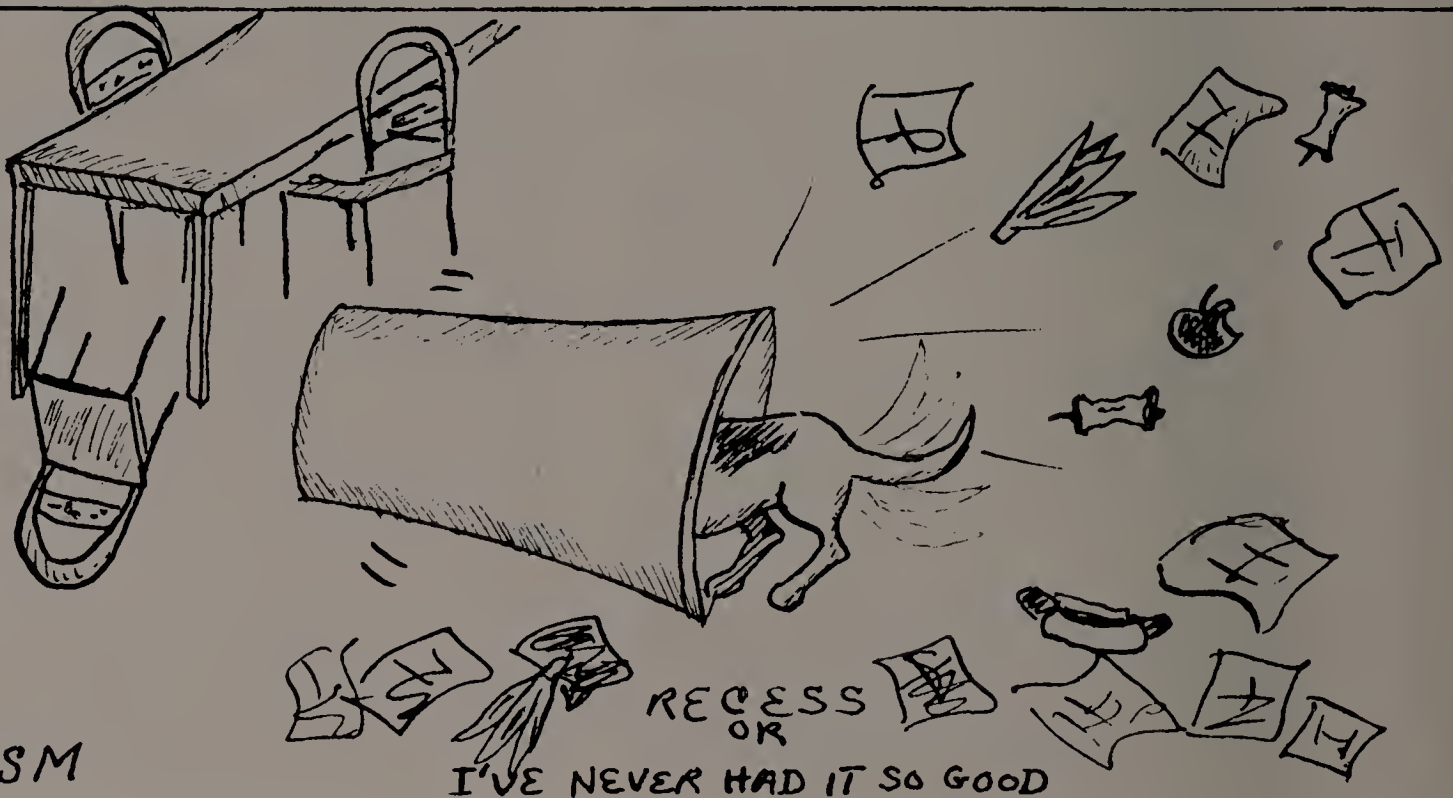
DOGGONIT !!!

HSM



CORRIDOR SCENE
OR
WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?

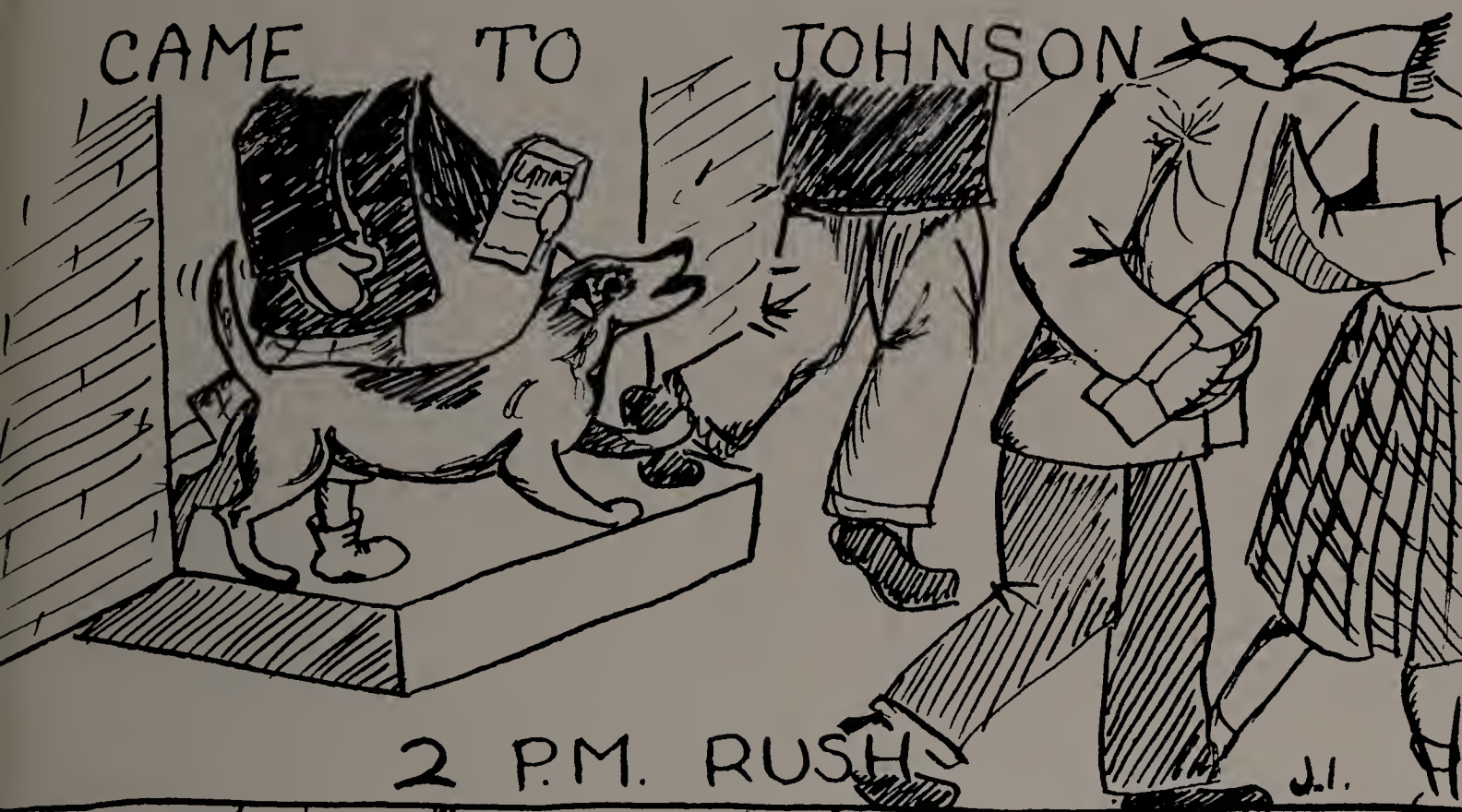
HSM



HSM

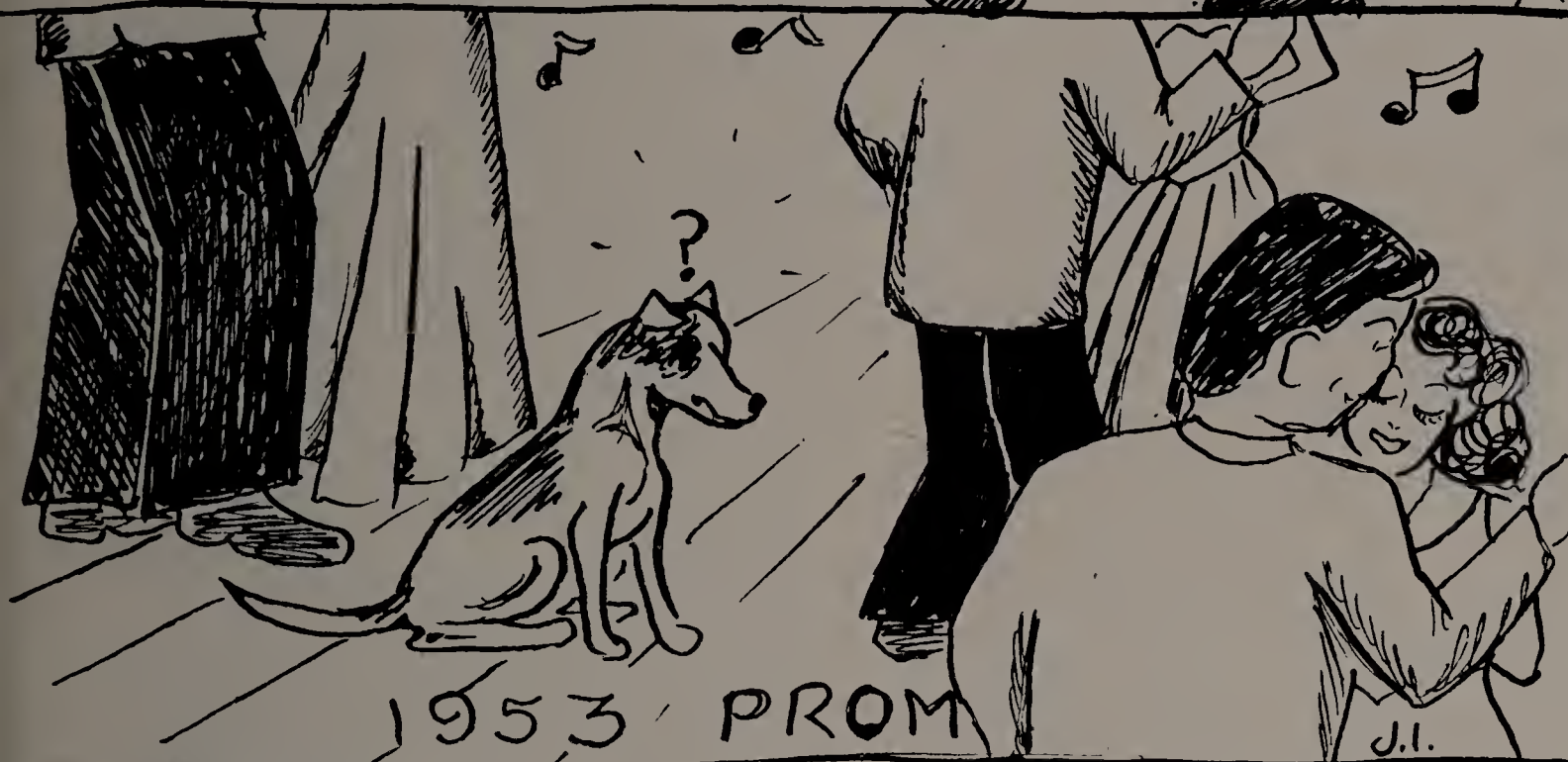
RECESS
OR
I'VE NEVER HAD IT SO GOOD

CAME TO JOHNSON



2 P.M. RUSH

J.I.



1953 PROM

J.I.



GRADUATION '53

J.I.

jamin Posner, national winner of speed typewriting. Mr. Posner explained the need for proper posture in typewriting. The expert's wrists did not move at all and he balanced a half dollar on his wrist while writing at the speed of 140 words a minute. What was most enjoyable was Mr. Posner's rhythm. He tapped out on the keys such songs as "Happy Birthday" and, for the teachers, "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow."

The Glee Club from New England College entertained the school on December 3rd, fourth period, at a very interesting assembly. The President of the college, Dr. Cox, introduced Professor Edwards, the director of the Glee Club. The Club consisted of the Choir, Women's Glee Club and Men's Glee Club. The men sang Sanctus, by Schubert, Brahms' Cradle Song, The Mermaid, and Old Man Noah, and the combined groups sang Stout Hearted Men. The college is located in Tenney, New Hampshire.

A very entertaining Christmas Program was put on by our Music Director, Mr. Mosher. The songs were introduced by Dorothy Hoesler, who gave a brief history of each. Nancy Burke gave a very entertaining monologue. Betty Ann Ratcliffe played the piano beautifully.

Rudolph, the Red-Nosed Reindeer was rendered by David Long, and the Johnson High School Girls' Double Trio sang several appropriate songs. H. M. M.

GUIDANCE REPORT

On January 16, 1953, a meeting in the series being presented by the guidance department in cooperation with Northeastern University was held for the seniors. Speakers from different institutions spoke at the meeting.

Mr. Franklin Linton from the

Wentworth Institute spoke on mechanical trades. Miss Martha Harlett of the Chamberlain School of Retail discussed with the girls the subject "How to prepare for careers in advertising, fashion, and merchandising." Professor Fletcher Boig of the Chemistry department in the College of Liberal Arts at Northeastern University discussed Chemistry and Physics.

On November 22, a group of girls interested in nursing careers attended open house at Burbank Hospital and School of Nursing in Fitchburg, Mass.

On January 13, girls from Johnson visited the Bentley School of Accounting in Boston where open house was held.

A tea and open house was held on January 10, at Merrimack College for girls only. Because of poor weather conditions only a few of our girls were able to take advantage of this opportunity. M. L.

TV AT JOHNSON

On January 20, 1953, the office arranged to have three television sets installed so the pupils of Johnson High School could witness the inaugural ceremonies.

A set was installed in the auditorium for the benefit of the Juniors and Seniors, the Sophomores viewed the program in Room 18, while a set was installed in the cafeteria for the Freshmen. The program was enjoyed by all the students.

These television sets were loaned through the courtesy of Mr. Albert Robertson of Knuepfer & Dimmock, Inc. We wish to take this opportunity to thank Mr. Robertson on behalf of the pupils of Johnson High School. N. A. L.

ANSWER TO GUESS WHO:

Nellie Moschetto

RED CROSS COLLECTION

A collection for the Red Cross was authorized by Mr. Hayes and was taken up in the home rooms of Johnson High on December 2, 1952. The response to the collection was generous. G. D.

DRAMATIC CLUB

At the first meeting of the Dramatic Club an election of officers was held. The following were elected: President, Sandra Vose; Vice-President, Leonard Oates; Secretary, Ann Doherty; Treasurer, Judith Cyr; Social Chairman, Louise Currier.

The club is planning to present a series of one-act plays. Mr. Taylor is faculty advisor. N. B.

SEWING CLUB

At the first meeting of the year for the Sewing Club, the members chose as their officers Margaret Canty, President; Dawn Pavledakes, Vice-President; and Ann Crawford, Secretary - Treasurer. Their capable advisor is Miss Buckley. G. D.

GIRLS' SPORTS CLUB

The Girls' Sports Club went into its second year with Mrs. Bateman as its advisor. It elected as president, Maureen Smith; vice-president, Corinne Smith; and Secretary, Barbara Driscoll. G. D.

MODEL BUILDERS' CLUB

The members of the Model Builders' Club chose Thomas Hamilton as their president, George Everson as vice-president and Raymond Chadwick as secretary. They are now making out their program for the year. G. D.

BOOSTERS' CLUB

This club has the following persons as its officers: President, Bob Lewis; Vice-President, Pat Driscoll; Secretary, Gerry Drummey; and Treasurer, Lillian Barra.

The topics of "cliques" and "school spirit" were discussed at its recent meeting. Mr. Lee, the club advisor, has many interesting topics for discussion at later meetings. I. T.

ART CLUB

This year the officers of the Art Club are: President, Maurice Foulds; Vice-President, Dennis Currier; Secretary, Bill Ritchie; and Treasurer, Vernon Bourquin. The club advisor is Miss Olive Butler.

Each member has been asked to work on a project. Many have taken up wood-burning as their first project. I. T.

CHEFS' CLUB

The newly elected officers of the Chefs' Club are: Head Chef, Paul Lamphrey; Assistant Chef, Dominic Mangano; Treasurer, Charles Harbolt.

The members, under the supervision of Miss Alice Neal, have already made delicious griddle cakes, and plan to cook many other fine dishes in the future. I. T.

CHEMISTRY AND PHOTOGRAPHY CLUB

At one of its future meetings, each member of the Chemistry and Photography Club will bring in an original picture of a snow scene or winter sport. The pictures will be judged and prizes of photographic supplies will be given for the best ones.

The officers are: President, Donald Slipp; Vice-President, Joseph Smith; Secretary-Treasurer, Robert Dehullu. The advisors are Miss Clara Chapman and Mr. John Finneran. C. R. M.

COMMERCIAL CLUB

The first meeting of the Commercial Club of Johnson High School was held in Room 17. The following girls were elected as

officers: Claire Arsenault, President; Shirley Scheipers, Secretary; and Marie Mastin, Treasurer.

At the club's first meeting, plans were made to make Valentine cards on the mimeograph. The year's program was also planned at this time. A copy of the year's meetings is being made for each member of this club. Miss Torpey is the faculty advisor. N. B.

LATIN CLUB

This club is a new and interesting one at Johnson this year and we hope it will be successful.

The officers are: Ann Bullock, President; Julia Gillick, Vice-President; Ina Thomson, Secretary; Edithanne Bamford, Treasurer. Miss Margaret Donlan is the advisor. C. R. M.

BLOCK PRINTING CLUB

The officers for this club are: James Norwood, President; Jane Sargent, Vice-President; Edith Stott, Secretary; Alice Shapcott, Treasurer. Mr. James Thomson is the advisor.

The club has a varied and interesting program planned for the coming year. C. R. M.

GOBBLER DANCE

This year our always successful Christmas dance was for the benefit of *The Gobbler*, the senior yearbook. Music was provided by George Emmons and the chaperones were Miss Donlan, Miss Sheridan, Miss Mooradkanian and Mr. Taylor. S. V.

BASKETBALL DANCE

With music again by George Emmons, the Basketball Dance successfully took place. Chaperones were Miss Donlan, Miss Cook, Mrs. Bateman and Mr. Taylor. S. V.

PROM BENEFIT DANCE

Run by a capable prom committee made up of juniors and seniors, the Prom Benefit dance, January 30, turned out to be one of our most successful affairs. Bill Morrissey, from Station WCCM, played the latest popular music for dancing. Chaperons were the Misses Clara and Veva Chapman, Miss Buckley and Mr. Thomson. The money obtained from this dance will help greatly toward our preparations for this year's prom. S. V.



SPORTS

GIRLS' SPORTS

Those who won starting positions on the girls' basketball team are Captain Joanne Greene at left forward, Claire Arsenault at center forward and Edie Bamford at right forward. The guards are Lois Milliken, Alice Dolan, and Kitty Driscoll, who play left, center, and right guard respectively. Other girls also seeing action in varsity games are Jean Ingram,

Jackie Finn, Maureen Smith, Priscilla Marrs, Elsie Thomas, Rosemary Cashman, Carol Long, and Nancy Burke. The co-managers are Judy Cyr and Louise Currier.

The opening game of the season was played December 9th at Groveland High. The Johnson sextet suffered a 19-21 defeat. Captain Greene starred as high scorer with 12 points.

December 15th the Red and

Black aggregation met their foe on the Merrimack High court. The Merrimack girls proved themselves to be sharper shooters than the Johnson cagers, which accounted for the 36-50 score. Joanne Greene again was top scorer with 16 points and Claire Arsenault and Edie Bamford netted 8 apiece.

December 16th we played host to the girls from Tewksbury and for the third time the team experienced the bitter taste of defeat. Despite the fact that the Johnson girls fought doggedly to outscore their rivals, the Tewksbury aggregation outclassed them in every respect. The Red and Black cagers ended up on the short end of a 60-25 score.

Returning to action after the Christmas holidays, the J. V. team scored a solid 26-10 triumph over an invading Groveland J. V. team on the home court. Priscilla Marrs led the Johnson attack with 12 points. Jean Ingram was a close second with 10, followed by Maureen Smith who sank 4. The Red and Black guards showed excellent defensive playing. The varsity event which was scheduled to follow this game was postponed to a later date.

There are still games to be played with Methuen, Punchard Groveland, Tewksbury, and several Lawrence teams such as St. Anne's, St. Patrick's and St. Mary's. E. B. and R. B.

BOYS' SPORTS

The place was Johnson High School, the rival, Tewksbury, and the day December 16, when Johnson officially opened her 52-53 season on the "high court." The 41-38 outcome of this opener was in the Black and Red's favor, getting her off to a flying start.

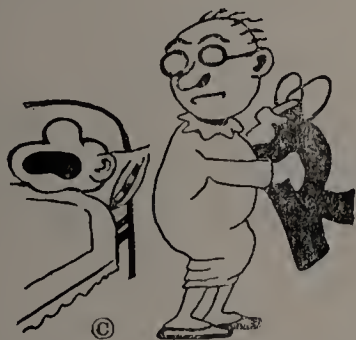
The Black and Red five traveled to Dracut for the following combat. There the J. V.'s of both teams took over and Johnson went down with a count of 22-44.

The varsity game between the two schools fell into the same category as the previous game, for Johnson High School was forced to yield to the score of 27-42.

Johnson clashed with Punchard next, on the latter's court. Here, both the J. V. and Varsity games proved fatal for the Black and Reds, for the climax was 25-38 and 30-62 respectively.

The Black and Red ship was once more upset, this time by a Methuen tidal wave, as she took both the J. V. and Varsity games, the former with a score of 32-42 and the latter with that of 31-50.

The fighting Johnson five met Governor Dummer and pulled themselves out of their rut by proving victorious as they stepped over their opposition and came in to win with a score of 43-17. R. K.



EXCHANGES

The Holten, Danvers, Mass.—Your literary section was superb in your December issue. I also like the idea of having the advertise-

ments placed throughout the book instead of in one section at the end. It draws attention to them.

The Blue and White, Methuen, Mass.—A grade school teacher was giving her class of youngsters a mature talk about chickens. When she finished she said, "Oh! children, don't you think its wonderful the way little chicks get out of their shells?"

Whereupon a little girl jumped up, "Yeah, but what beats me, teacher is—how they get in."

* * * * *

The Lookout, Wakefield, Mass.—I liked this little poem and thought it showed how we all feel—

Senior Pictures

I'm gonna have my picture took,
The photographa says to smile,
At da birdie I must look,
It'll take only a liddle while.

He sat me on a wooden seat,
He pushed my shoulders strate,
The lites give off an awful heat,
But still he makes me wate.

He says he must get it just rite,
He cannot waste his time.
But really he is wasting lite
An all da time is mine.

At last he says, "Get ready now,"
An he clicks the liddle hook,
I rise, I fall, sweat's on my brow,
'Cause I had my picture took.

* * * * *

The Crimson, Bernards High School, Bernardsville, N. J.—I like your new "Crimson Jr." It is a swell idea, and shows your underclassmen are ambitious and enthusiastic.

* * * * *

The Oriole, Richland Center High School, Richland Center, Wisconsin—Taken from your "Bits o' Humor"—

Sophomore: "I wanna go out tonight, Mom."

Junior: "Please may I go out tonight? I'll be in by ten."

Senior: "Good night, folks. I'll bring in the milk."

J. L.



HUMOR

One Co-ed: "I thought you were going to be cheerleader this year—what happened?"

Another co-ed: "T-t-they s-s-said I w-wasn't t-t-tall e-enough."

* * * * *

Classroom Classics

Schoolboy howlers which make examination papers lively reading.

Filet Mignon is an opera by Puccini.

A hamlet is a little pig.

An observatory is a kind of greenhouse where you look at the moon.

The equator is a menagerie lion running around the world and through Africa.

* * * * *

Teacher: "What do you think of Shakespeare's plays?"

Pupil: "What team does he play for?"

* * * * *

Mother to daughter, "You had two callers—one was a loud rasping honk-honk, the other was a shrill toot-toot."

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Cor. Osgood Street and Great Pond Road
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